

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

EBENSBURG, JULY 28, 1858.

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NEW SERIES.

TERMS:
The Democrat and Sentinel is published every Wednesday Morning at the rate of Fifty Cents per Annum in Advance.

TWO DOLLARS
The termination of the year. The subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be obliged to pay for his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Advertising Rates.
The Democrat and Sentinel is published every Wednesday Morning at the rate of Fifty Cents per Annum in Advance.

Choice Poetry.

From the Home Journal.
Never have been False to Thee.

Never have been false to thee
The heart I gave thee still is thine
The love that dwells in mine
And I no more may call thee mine
I have been true to thee
And I no more may call thee mine
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Select Tale.

NOT IN WRATH.

The boy started at the sound of his voice, while his color heightened. Lloyd had left the house, with his axe on his shoulder, a few minutes before, on his way to clear not far off, where his work; but a thought crossing his mind induced him to return. He spoke in a stern voice, and with a half smile at his father.

"What's to the mill-dam to-day," said Mr. Lloyd, looking slowly, and with authority.

"I don't know, sir," replied Frank.

"Very well; then see to it that I am obeyed," Mr. Lloyd started off again for the dam. He did not feel altogether satisfied with himself, for he was conscious of not having addressed his son in the right spirit. It had been as easy to have spoken more gently, to have made the interdiction in a more tone of voice, and yet been quite as effective.

"I wish I could control myself," a little better, said the farmer, as he strode away. "I believe this harsh, peremptory mode of speaking does much good. I'm sure it helped to make me any more obedient than I was a boy; but rather tended to excite me. The most outrageous thing I ever did when a boy, was in defiance of an ungodly authority. Frank is sensible and my manner hurt him. I must control myself better."

"What's the matter, Frank?" inquired the mother, coming to the door. She had the husband's voice pitched in rather a low key, and it drew her from her work.

"Nothing," was answered, "only father talks to me as if he would take my life."

"Did he say that?" inquired Mrs. Lloyd.

"No, sir, he didn't say that."

"What's the matter, Frank? no doubt, and I'm sure, perhaps two hours later in the day, he had named Jacob Green met Frank, and a little way from his father's house, where you were going Jacob?" said Frank.

"No, sir, he didn't say that."

"Did he say that?" inquired Mrs. Lloyd.

"No, sir, he didn't say that."

"What's the matter, Frank? no doubt, and I'm sure, perhaps two hours later in the day, he had named Jacob Green met Frank, and a little way from his father's house, where you were going Jacob?" said Frank.

"No, sir, he didn't say that."

"Did he say that?" inquired Mrs. Lloyd.

"No, sir, he didn't say that."

World go there, just to see that Jacob didn't come to any harm."

"You musen't disobey your father; it will make him very angry, said Mrs. Lloyd.

"May be," suggested the boy, "if I were to go to the top of the hill, just above the dam, and sit down and watch Jacob, he wouldn't mind. That wouldn't be going to the mill-dam you know. And if you told him just how it was, and said that you thought it better for me to go there on Jacob's account, I am sure he would say that I had done just right, instead of wrong."

Mrs. Lloyd thought for a little while, and then replied:

"Jacob is a small boy, and there are dangerous places about the mill-dam. I wonder how his mother can let him go there alone? Oh, if he should fall in, to be swept down under the gate, or over the dam, nothing could save him. I think you had better go, Frank, and I'll make all right with your father. Only be sure not to go down to the water, unless something happens to Jacob."

Thus permitted and enjoined, Frank started off for the mill-dam, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, in a lonely valley, surrounded by woods and hills. He walked along rapidly, for the idea that Jacob Green might have fallen into the water at any moment having taken possession of his mind, he felt anxious to reach the neighborhood of the dam as quickly as possible. On gaining the wooded hill that rose steeply above the point where the water, swollen by late rains, leaped roaring over the dam. Frank searched, with his eyes, hurriedly, along the shore, up and down, for Jacob Green. But the lad was nowhere in sight. He would have shouted his name, but a secret sense of disobedience, and a fear of discovery by his hasty tempered father kept him silent. Descending as near to the edge of the dam as he deemed prudent, under the circumstances, to go, he examined every point within the range of vision with the most careful scrutiny.

A sudden fear now seized upon the boy's heart. Jacob must have fallen into the water and been swept over the dam! His heart beat like a hammer in his breast; respiration became difficult; he felt a choking sensation in his throat. For some moments he stood bewildered. But anxiety for the little boy's safety became superior to all other emotions.

"He may have fallen in near the head-gate," he now said to himself. And then, as the image of Jacob clinging to some frail support, amid the whirling, sucking eddies, presented itself to his mind, Frank sprang to the spot where the water from the dam flowed into the mill-race. Holding on to a piece of wood, he leaped over the brink of a high stone wall, or pier, and, as he looked down into the water that seethed and struggled above the half-opened gate, he held his breath in momentary suspense. But no sign of the lad was visible. Frank drew himself up, taking a deep inspiration, and stood for some moments bewildered and at fault. He then stepped lightly over a narrow plank that had been thrown across the sluice into which the head gate opened, and standing on one of the abutments of the dam, beamed his body over and looked down, a distance of twenty feet into the mad whirlpool of waters that lay beneath. His head swam; and he lifted himself up and moved back, with a feeling of terror in his heart. If he were to fall he would have no earthly power could save him!

A little while Frank stood on the abutment that jarred to the heavy fall of the water. Then he slipped carefully across the narrow bridge that separated him from land, and took a long breath as he felt himself in a position of safety. Slowly and anxiously were his eyes now thrown around him, and every point within their range searched with the most careful scrutiny. But the search was entirely fruitless. Ascending the hill that rose above the dam, Frank now ran along its brow, for some distance up the stream, letting his gaze fall upon every part of the shore. Suddenly he stopped, with an exclamation of relief, for Jacob had come into full view, sitting upon a rock that projected far into the dam, holding his fishing rod over the water, and watching the scarlet topped cork that lay motionless in a quiet eddy.

Frank did not call the boy, nor, by any sign, make known his proximity. He had come, in disobedience to his father; to watch over and protect him from harm, and the fear of hasty judgment on the part of his father when the fact of his disobedience became known, sobered his feelings and made him prefer solitude to companionship. So he sat down concealing himself among the trunks of three or four large trees; yet keeping his head in a position to see Jacob through a small opening between them. Nearly half an hour passed, when Jacob, tired of watching his immovable cork, drew up his line, and moved down the bank to a position nearer the point where the swollen water vent rushing over the dam. As he threw in his line, Frank arose and walked along the hill above him, until nearly opposite the thundering waterfall, and then sat down again to watch the lonely boy—himself more lonely.

The clearing at which Mr. Lloyd was at work with his men lay about a quarter of a mile from the mill-dam. The father had just leveled an immense sycamore, and stood gazing on its white trunk and giant limbs, when a neighbor, merging from the wood behind him, came up and said:

"Good day, Mr. Lloyd."

"Ah, good day to you, Maxwell!" responded the farmer in a hearty tone.

"Splendid land, this," said the other, "but how you'll show its quality, Mr. Lloyd remarked."

"Heavy frost," said Maxwell.

"Yes, you can hear the dam roaring, even here when the wind sets this way."

"Dangerous place for boys, I should think," said Maxwell, in a tone that made the farmer look at him with a sobered aspect. "I

saw your boy there, as I came along —"
"What! The axe dropped from Mr. Lloyd's hand, while a dark shadow fell on his countenance.

"I saw your boy there, skipping about the head-gate with as little concern as if he had been on a level floor."

"Oh! isn't that too much! And I positively forbade him going near the dam!" — Mr. Lloyd's excitement was sudden and intense.

"If it was my boy, I'd take the hide off him," said Maxwell.

"He'll be sorry for this to the latest day of his life!" And with these threatening words on his lips; Mr. Lloyd turned away, and disappeared in the woods. Only once he paused, and that was to cut a thick, strong, little birch rod—then he strode forward with long-reaching steps in the direction of the mill-dam.

Near the place where Jacob had propped his line, the decayed trunk of a fallen tree was projected several feet into the water. — Soon growing impatient for want of success in his post, the boy in something of a spirit of desperation, walked out to the end of this trunk and threw his line as far as the stream as he could throw it. Then he watched the cork as it floated rapidly down with the current, hoping that some fish would seize the bait and drag it under. But no denizen of the turbid stream saw the tempting morsel, or, seeing, was lured to take the treacherous food. Excited now, by the real danger of the little boy, Frank started up, and was about calling to him to come back upon the shore, when the sharp crack of a fallen limb, broken by a heavy trunk, caused him to turn suddenly, and there stood his father, with a face made dark with anger, one hundred cuts stretched to seize him, and the other uplifted and grasping a heavy rod.

"Oh, father, don't!" exclaimed the frightened boy. "Don't! Ask mother?"

"Didn't I tell you not to come here?" was the stern response, and the father's grip tightened on the rod as he seized the boy's arm. The hand was already descending, freighted with a fearful blow, when a will of terror swept up from the waters, and arrested the arm midway in its course. The eyes of the father and son both turned to the direction from which the cry came. Jacob had already fallen into the dam, and was already gliding away in the rapid current. Making a sudden spring, Frank freed himself from the grasp of his father, and then went leaping down the hill with windlike speed. It was some moments before Mr. Lloyd recovered sufficient presence of mind to follow. But ere he was half way to the water, Frank had reached a point below the boy, and was creeping out upon the slender trunk of a sappling that bent low over the water, in the hope of grasping him as he was borne onward by the strong current. But the brave lad saw at a glance; on gaining the utmost point of the tree, that Jacob would float a few feet beyond his arm. So, with singular decision and presence of mind, he dropped into the water, grasping a slender, extreme branch of the tree, and throwing his freed hand still farther out in the stream. But, alas! the rush of water against his body commenced bearing both him and the tree-top downward and inward toward the shore. Conscious of this, at a moment when Jacob was only a few feet above him, Frank let go of the tree-top, and pushed himself out with the stroke of his feet far enough to be able to grasp the drowning boy. As he did so, both went gliding on toward the dam, only a hundred feet below, equally powerless in the strong current.

For some moments Mr. Lloyd stood paralyzed upon the shore. The struggling boys were beyond his reach, and wholly beyond his skill to save. Then he commenced running along the bank, his mind in an agony of terrible suspense, keeping opposite to them as they went quickly down the swollen flood. In less than two minutes they were within a few feet of the dam, yet still, if the eyes of Mr. Lloyd did not receive him, in a line with the abutment, and a faint hope daved within his mind that they might strike against the pier, and glide inward toward the head-gates, instead of outward in the current, and over the deadly waterfall.

Mr. Lloyd stood still in fearful suspense, his lips apart, his arms reaching out impotently, and his face as pale as ashes. Suddenly he struck his hands together, and sprang forward with an eager bound. The drowning boys had swept against the pier, and passed under instantly from sight. Throwing off his coat as he ran, and drawing off his boots as he reached the head-gate, Mr. Lloyd leaped into the water, and disappeared a few feet inside of the spot where he had seen them go down. In a moment or two he came to the surface, grasping tightly the two boys, now insensible, struck out with one hand vigorously for the shore, and succeeded, though not without difficulty, reaching a spot just above the heavy stone wall, where he could clamber up the bank. In striking the abutment, the pressure of the current against the lads had borne them inward into the quiet eddy above the head-gate, instead of outward into the leaping cataract.

The first care of Lloyd was to restore, if possible, animation to the apparently dead bodies of the two boys. Frank earliest showed signs of recovery; then there was a feeble play of the pulse, and a slight flushing of the cheek in Jacob, but to neither did life come back, at the time, in full vigor. A neighbor, who happened to come by, assisted Mr. Lloyd to carry the boys home, where under the attendance of a physician, full activity was soon restored to the vital organs.

"I positively forbade his going to the mill-dam," said Mr. Lloyd to his wife after all fear was past, something of his old sternness and anger showing itself in tone and countenance.

"He did not disobey you in spirit," replied the mother, with moist eyes and voice that had not yet regained an even tone.

"How can you make that appear?" was demanded.

And then the mother of Frank related how, with her permission, he had gone to the mill-dam to watch over and guard the little boy who was there alone. And she related, also, for she gleaned from her recovered son, the incident already known to the reader, how he had passed nearly an hour upon the hill above the water, after having searched about the head-gate, watching lest harm came to the lonely and thoughtless Jacob Green. The heroism of his son Mr. Lloyd knew already.

For a long time the stern farmer sat with his head bowed upon his breast. A shudder almost of horror, shook, for a moment, his strong frame as vivid imagination drew a picture of himself standing in wrath above this heroic son, with his arm already descending to strike a cruel blow. He had not spoken to Frank since life had flowed back freely through his veins. When fully satisfied that all danger was past he had retired from the chamber where he lay, displeasure at the act of disobedience resuming the uppermost place in his mind.

Now his feelings toward the boy were altogether changed. Tender love had driven out wrath.

"Where is father?" Several times had Frank asked this question, looking as he spoke with a troubled countenance toward the door of the chamber in which he lay. He remembered now, only the stern displeasure of his stern parent—his own heroism and self-devotion were forgotten.

"Is father angry still?" Frank lifted his eyes that were tearful and sad, to his mother's face.

"No, my son. Your father is not angry now," answered his mother.

"Where is he?"

"In the next room."

Frank sighed, as his lashes dropped until they lay upon his cheek. A tear was crushed by each fringing lid. Noiselessly his mother rose and left the room.

"Frank, my son?" The voice that said this was low and unsteady, but full of tenderness.

Instantly the boy's eyes flew open.

"Oh, father!" And his arms leaping upward, caught eagerly the neck of his father, and dragged him down until the hard, rough cheek lay against his own softer and warmer face.

"I wasn't disobedient in heart, father," sobbed the excited boy. "Ask mother. She will tell you all about it."

"I know all, my son," replied Mr. Lloyd, as soon as he could steady his voice. "I know all. You have been brave, noble, manly, and I am proud of you."

Oh, with what delicious sweetness did these words of praise fall upon the boy's ears. From other lips they would have been pleasant; but coming from that cold parent, always more ready to blame than to praise, they were as honey to his soul. And the father in after time, could no more forget the expression of his son's face at the impression of that same face, as he stood in wrath, only an hour or two before, with hand uplifted to strike. How many hundreds of times did this last image of himself haunt his quiet moments. He would have given all that he possessed of worldly things, if that one act of his life could have been obliterated, if the page of memory on which was recorded, side by side, that other and better incident, could have shown only the golden record.—T. S. Arthur

How Thurlow Weed got the Eight Thousand.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Mercury tells the following story:

"Two or three years ago, the railway lines between Albany and Buffalo were consolidated under the title of the New York Central. Thurlow Weed, of the Albany Journal, engineered the matter through the Legislature, and for this service was to receive the handsome sum of \$8,000 of which Erastus Corning was to furnish \$4,000 and Dean Richmond \$4,000. The plan succeeded and the money was paid over. But as Mr. Weed did not think it would look well to have the stock stand in his own name, he made it over to an old and particular friend of his—Mr. McIntosh—who had made money as a railroad contractor. It was understood between the parties that McIntosh was to hold the stock, and then quietly make it over to Weed. But, unluckily, McIntosh died and forgot to make a will. So the administrators, in making up the account of the assets, stumbled upon the certificates for this \$8,000, and put them down to McIntosh's credit, supposing, of course, they were his. The debts were paid and a handsome balance was left for the widow, the attractive Mrs. McIntosh, who was married a few weeks ago, to Mr. Ex-President Fillmore. Thurlow's \$8,000 went along with the widow, into the arms of the man whom Thurlow hates probably as bad as any one man can hate another. For a political-scandalous yarn it is not bad and makes fun."

A Tribute to Printers.

It is indeed encouraging to know that printers are occasionally duly appreciated. The following extract from the report of the Committee on Printing, of the Legislature of Wisconsin, pays a refreshing compliment to editors and printers:

"We are not aware that printers and newspaper proprietors are a class as little valued in the community, or so destructive of its interests, as to be entitled to but half compensation for the labor and services which they perform. But your committee do believe that no class of men perform more gratuitous services for all general and local interests, or are more actively and effectually engaged in disseminating information, making known the resources of the country, and inciting to action the energies of the people, than the printers, proprietors and editors of newspapers."

Predictions for This Year.

The following sagacious predictions are made for the year 1858:

Through the whole course of this year when the moon wanes, the night will grow dark.

On several occasions during the year the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have finished their day's work.

It is quite likely that when there is no business doing, many will be heard to complain of hard times, but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.

If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three ladies.

There will be many ecstasies of virtue, some visible, others invisible.

Many delicate ladies, whom no one would suspect, will be kissed without telling their mamma's.

If the incumbent of a fat office dies, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

There will be more books published than will find payers.

If a young lady should happen to blush, she will be apt to get red in the face without the use of paint; if she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dreams of him four times, or has a toothache, it is ten to one she will be a long time getting either out of her head.

Dinner and entertainments will be given to those who have plenty to eat at home, and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.

He who marries this year will run a great risk, especially if he does it in a great hurry.

He who steals a watch gives tattlers occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve himself and pride in disagreeable relations.

Many young ladies who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married; and many confidentially anticipating the glorious consummation will be doomed to wait another year.

Finally, there exists but little doubt that this will be a most wonderful year, surpassing in interest all that have preceded it.

News from the South.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 17.—The New Orleans papers by mail mention the arrival of the steamship Gen. Rusk, from Brazos Santiago.

Advices from Monterey state that a portion of the Liberal party, under Degollado and Blanco, attacked Guadaluajara, and carried all the outworks, driving the enemy to the main Plaza, which was to have been stormed on the 14th inst. Miravon left San Luis, at the head of four thousand men, to aid the besieged; Zaragoza was closely following in the rear, with a heavy force of rifles.

It is rumored that Morena, commander of Tampico, was reduced to necessity, and it is said he proposed overtures of peace to Carval, who answered that he could listen to no terms which did not recognize the existing authorities. Vidaurri is in bad health, but excellent spirits, and sanguine of success.—It is rumored that a proposition had been made him by the Centralists, but he refused unless they acknowledge the supremacy of the constitutional government.

A correspondent of the Brownsville Flag, at Rosas, says that Indians descended on the Yguana Silver Mines, recently opened by an American Company, and took all the property of any value.

SHIP BUILDING EXTRAORDINARY.

Punch says it is clear that ship building is merely in its cradle. The Yankees are determined not to be out-reached by the Leviathan. We are informed that at New York they are building a ship so tremendously long, that there is no part of the ocean sufficiently broad to enable it to turn. The difficulty is to be obviated by the ship having two wheels—one on the American end and the other on the English. Long before you have had time to stroll from one wheel to another, you will be at your journey's end. There will be ca's stands at various points, for the convenience of those who cannot keep up with the speed of the vessel. An omnibus will also start at the commencement of each trip. It guarantees to reach the other extremity of the vessel, precisely at the same time that the vessel touches at the desired harbor. For the accommodation of pedestrians, persons going from England to America are requested to keep on the right hand side of the vessel, while persons walking from the American continent to the European are directed to go on the left. There are to be shops on both sides all the way. The mere rent of these is expected to pay for the outlay of this building. The ship is not yet christened, but it is expected that, out of compliment to the Yankees, it will be called the Stretcher.

"A Thundering Jolt."

The other day, as a train of cars on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad was at the bridge opposite the residence of Mr. Wallach, near Culpeper, C. H., the engineer discovered a man sitting on the track with his head hanging down, as if taking a nap. All efforts were made to stop the train; though it being near the end of a curve, it was impossible to do so in time. When the engine struck the man, it lifted him eight or ten feet in the air, and he fell flat on his back in the ditch apparently lifeless. The conductor ran the train back and took him on board, and started back to procure medical aid. While on the way back, the man commenced talking, remarking that they were carrying him the wrong way. He soon after raised up his head and said he was not hurt. He then rose to his feet, remarking at the time, "Stranger, you gave me a thundering jolt! Hallo! let me get off!" The train stopped. As he sighted on the ground, he jumped up and cracked his heels together, and bade adieu. He called himself "Jack Brown of Culpeper."

DOUBLE ACCIDENT.

A singular accident, or rather double accident, occurred in the neighborhood of Martinsburg, this county, on Thursday last, whereby Mr. Jacob McIntyre and a young son sustained severe injuries—the former having his leg, and the latter his arm broken. The particulars as related to us, are about these:—Mr. McIntyre, accompanied by his son, had been to mill in a one horse wagon. Returning home, the horse became frightened, when Mr. McIntyre, jumped from the wagon and caught him by the bridle. The boy was thrown from the wagon by the plunging of the horse, and in falling had his arm broken by a kick from the animal. Mr. McIntyre, in his endeavors to hold the furious beast, also received a kick upon the leg, fracturing the limb severely. In this helpless condition they were discovered by some passers by, who had them conveyed home, where their injuries were properly treated by a physician of the neighborhood.—Holl. Stand.

WOMAN'S RULING IDEA.

The Washington States, with a view to show that the possession of "style" is innate in woman, describe the following scene:

On the last sunshiny day, passing in the vicinity of a newly erected building, we saw a little beggar girl sitting on a pile of saw-herd scrap of sashwood partly shaded by her handsome features, and her round shoulders revealed themselves through a rag of a frock, the material of which had been a bright gingham; but its glory had long passed away.—She wore no stockings, and the bottom of her dress, which, through the combined influence of time and picking up chips had become fringed, hardly reached to her knees. Her basket of chips lay on the dirt by her side, while, with a flushed face and excited effort, she was endeavoring to insert part of an old barrel hoop in the hem of her little petticoat. She worked and toiled; the hem was very ragged, and the hoop very wide, and full of splinters. At last she succeeded in getting so much of it in as to produce the "necessary bulge," and, taking her basket, she walked off, swaying her newly expanded dress from side to side, with at least three feet of the hoop trailing behind. As she swung away there was such an expression of sincere gratification on her face, that in spite of her ridiculous appearance, we could not help sympathizing with her; and we knew that she was quite as well-satisfied as most women are in wearing a mouse-colored moire antique, with point-lace flounces, over a "patent adjustable expansion skirt"—the latest, and of course the most inflexible of fashionable guises. We thought the little beggar girl was not the only one that felt her design apparent, and made vanity a virtue and a sentiment.